

try to take the flying bullet or the invisible star. But everyone with any camera can take ghosts, and without incurring any extra expense.

Four miles from our home stand the ruins of Dunbrody Abbey, one of the finest specimens of thirteenth-century work to be found in Ireland. Here, if ghosts walk anywhere, we might expect to find them, and if any ghost walked at Dunbrody it must surely be that of Harvey de Monte Morisco, Mareschall to King Henry II., and seneschall of all the lands of Richard, Earl of Pembroke, who in the year 1175 gave the land to the monks of Bildewas in Shropshire, to build an abbey for the order of Cistercians; or if not the great knight (who afterwards

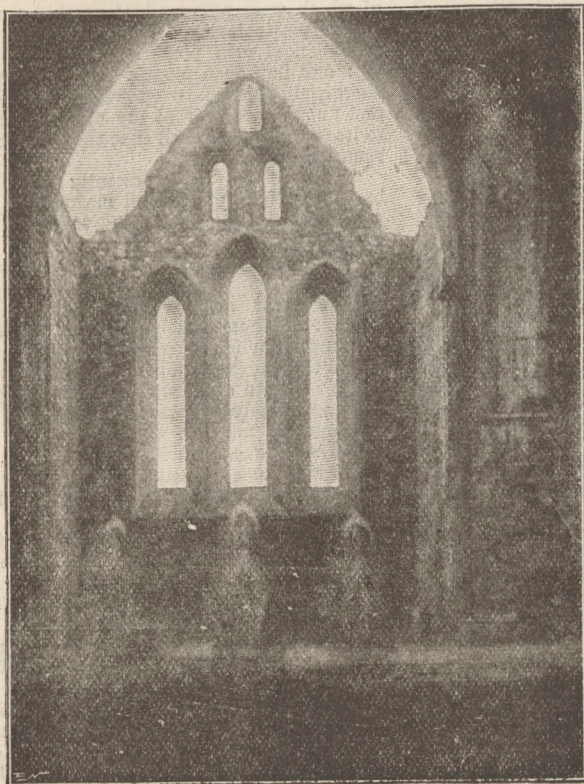
when the exposure was made. Notice how the stones behind can be plainly seen through the face and figure.

Then in the nave (see No. 3) we met with three monks, the centre one slightly in front of his companions. The photograph is interesting, not only because of their presence, but because of the graceful east window—a fine specimen of early architecture.

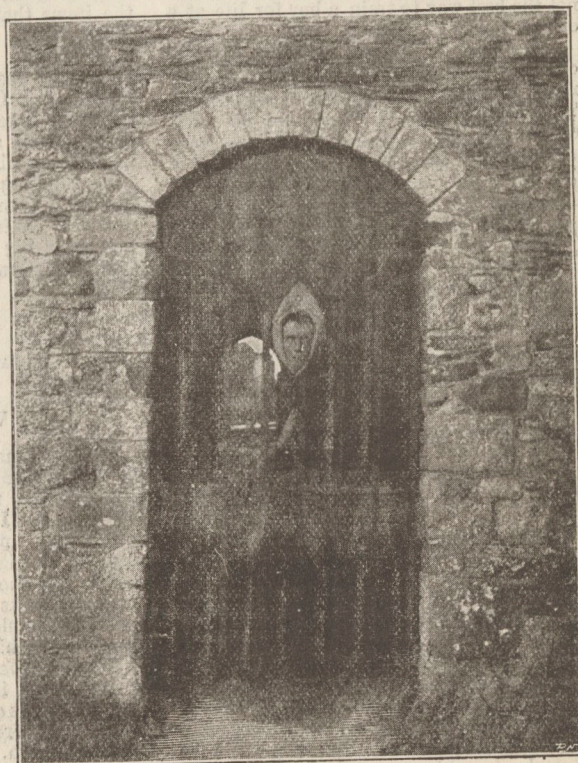
At the entrance gate (see No. 4), firmly padlocked, with the key in our pockets, we found another ghost. It is admirably mixed up with the bars of the gate; part of the figure looks as certainly on this side as the rest appears to have not yet passed through

when by accident they have taken two pictures on one plate, the only difference being that the same picture, except for one portion of it, is taken more than once.

The picture, for instance, of the ghost in the wall-passage, was produced by one of us standing during a two-second exposure and then withdrawing when another second's exposure was given. This was enough to bring out some of the detail behind the figure, but not enough to obliterate it. The ghost at the barred gateway was taken with a slight variation in the method. Three exposures were made: the first and third about $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. each; the middle one, when the ghost stood in his place, being about $1\frac{1}{2}$ sec.



3.—THREE MONKS FLIT THROUGH THE ARCHWAY.



4.—BISHOP HERLEWIN VISITING THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY BUILT BY HIM NINE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

became a monk), then Herlewin, Bishop of Leghlin, might be encountered walking about the church which he had built and where he was buried in 1217.

That we found ghosts at Dunbrody is evident from our photographs, but whether of Harvey or Herlewin I leave for you to decide.

In the passage through the thick wall (see No. 2), where it passes through the large windows in the north transept, we took our first ghost-photograph. The ghost had passed through the dark passage beyond, and was just in the bright place where the path leads through the light of the window

the iron portal. Through the body the background shows distinctly.

One of us read an article once purporting to prove that ghosts really existed, and that the sensitive plate could record their impressions. What humbug! Surely, Mr. Editor, our photographs look real enough to take in many of your readers who do not know how the trick is done—for trick it is; and a very simple one when the secret is disclosed. First set up your camera and then make more than one exposure, in one of which a figure to represent the ghost is placed. It is obvious that the same effect is produced as most amateurs have obtained

Perhaps this picture would have been better with a slightly longer first exposure.

The same figure did for the three ghosts in picture No. 3. Three exposures of 1 sec. each were given, the ghost occupying a different place each time. It is a difficult subject, as the figures stood in the gloom under the central tower, while the background was bright.

Perhaps some other fellows might like to follow our example in ghost-photography, and even if they do not, our brief account of how the trick is worked may be of benefit in preventing an imposture which has more than once been put into execution by so-called spirit-mediums.

A CUTTING SARCASM: A STORY OF A PENNY SHAVE.

By BURNETT FALLOW,

Author of "The Boys of Birchwell Hall," "Great Holt Stories," etc.

WHEN reading—as I always do with interest—the "B.O.P." correspondence columns, I am not a little amused to observe how anxious a great many boys are about their prospective hirsute appendages.

Well, well! I suppose the feeling is a natural one. There was a time—exactly! It is of myself I am going to tell you, of course in strictest confidence

Now if I were to reveal to you the num-

ber of years that have slipped away into the past since my terrible experience, you would think me a very old boy; but so long as I am privileged to try and instruct as well as amuse you, I want to feel genuinely

young. Nor do I wish you to imagine me as entering upon man's "third state." A penny shave may not have a formidable ring; but to me it has, and with good reason. Since my first real experience, to this moment no other hand than mine has been allowed to wander lovingly and lightly around my throat and chin—when grasping a bright, keen razor.

I need not enter minutely into the causes which induced my schoolfellows, when I first appeared among them, to dub me "Sammy." You who can guess are at liberty to do so, and others will fully understand!

A governess up to a certain age (when her authority over me ceased), and then a tutor who was anything but strict enough, was not the best way to train a boy for life at a certain public school.

Allow me to draw a veil over my first contact with boys I then called rough and rude, but came to understand better later on. They did not mean to be unkind; and I was so very verdant. I sometimes wonder what sort of a man I should have become if I had not begun life (as I always declare I did) by going to school at fifteen!

I arrived at the school on a Monday. Wednesday was half-holiday; but I was kept in over my first punishment lesson, the outcome of a trick played upon me. On Saturday I trooped joyously forth from the school with certain buoyant companions, who formed the brotherhood of the "Merry Monarchs," to which I had been elected a probationary member on payment of five shillings. This sum was to be expended at the village general stores, and the proceeds divided amongst us.

I confess I had no cause to complain of my companions' treatment until after the five shillings had been invested in "solids and liquids," as Dicky Dubble, our leader, described them.

We were gathered together outside the store, loudly debating in which direction to proceed. The town was a mile from the village, and was out of bounds after five o'clock. We had an hour and a half to spare, so the town was decided upon.

"I'll tell you what must be first done," presently cried Dicky, as we trooped into the little town. "'Sammy' has not been shaved yet, and to-morrow is Sunday."

"Shaved!" cried I, blushing violently. "Why—er—"

"Of course! We know that—you mean you have nothing to shave. But," impressively, "if you tell the plain unvarnished truth, you have often wished you had?"

"Ye-es."

"And looked in the glass as a vain hope?"

"Ye-e-es."

"And, maybe, you have tried an occasional scrape with your pater's razor?"

"It was only his old blunt one," I blurted out. How they did shout with laughter.

"Bah!" cried Dicky. "Half the fun is departed from us. 'Lathery Scrape' always pays out a 'greeny,' but has no end of respect for old hands. He'll take you for one at the first glance."

"But—er—I don't understand," stammered I.

"No? Oh, I say, this *is* splitting!"

"If you mean having my hair cut," replied I, as innocent as you please, "I don't mind. I know it is long, but our barber"—I hesitated, but was almost immediately struck with a happy thought—"was gone for a holiday."

Dicky doubled up, and I feared he was taken with a bad spasm. When he was somewhat recovered, he said:

"Precisely! And 'Lathery Scrape' (he's the school barber, and comes regularly to

the school, hair-cutting, or 'snipping day,' as we call it, spoiling a half-holiday) will be only too glad for you to pay him a visit."

"All right," said I, wishing to be agreeable. "You point out the shop, and wait for me."

"We're not allowed to go there in a body; but as it is only in the next street, we will wait for you round the corner here. Cut along, and make haste. Oh, I was forgetting. Mind you say, 'Hair cut and shave!' (Of course he will not attempt to shave you, but all must say that, as it gives him an opportunity to charge a penny a head extra, and it does the poor man a little good.) And then you must add: 'Put it down to the school account.' It's one of the items that figure in our parents' bills as sundries."

It seemed a truthful explanation, as, indeed, it was, all excepting the shave. I thought, too, I was not so dense as to miss that little joke. It was only probable the barber would smile; not at all possible he would blunt his razors on my chin.

So, thinking to gain the laudation of my friends, I turned into the next street, and was soon confronted by a barber's pole, as well as a big brown blind before a great square window. On it was printed in big black letters:

THE RAPID HAIR CUTTING
AND
GENERAL SHAVING EMPORIUM.

Proprietor,
W. S. FRIZZLE.

Perhaps I was too dense even to feel nervous. Be that as it may, I marched boldly into the little passage, thence into the shop behind the curtain. I was kept waiting some few minutes. I employed the interval by gazing around. A big wooden chair was in the middle of the room. On the floor were numerous locks of hair, showing that trade had not been slack, or that Mr. Frizzle had not tidied up his shop for some days.

I had observed this much when the proprietor glided in. So quietly had he come upon me, I was quite startled. He was a little dapperman, of rotund figure, and a florid pleasing complexion. I began to gain confidence—in fact, nothing had yet transpired to make me view the simple act of hair-cutting in a serious light; because I did not literally construe my friends' remarks. So I boldly met his eyes, and saw that his head was bald and shining. This was due (so Dicky Dubble had told me) to an accidental application of his special hair-restorer to his own cranium.

"Your pleasure, young gentleman?" mildly said he.

"Hair cut," said I pat enough, "and—er—and—sh—shave, please!" I finally blurted out.

Dense as I was, I fancied his jolly face took a more set expression. But from first to last he never once relaxed his studious politeness.

"Yes, sir; di-rect-ly, sir," giving his scissors a few preliminary snips close to my left ear. Then he tucked a nice clean cloth under my chin, and sat me before a large mirror. Somehow, I was puzzled at the expression of my own countenance. Did I indeed require—that is, would the barber really shave me? His "Yes, sir!" had implied as much. An icy feeling trickled down my back.

Whilst my hair was being cut, I had leisure to think and to look about me. The left side of the mirror was taken up by a marble-top table, on which stood a small oil-stove which kept the water in a pint copper mug at boiling pitch. A big razor

was hanging on the side of the mug, the blade being in the water. I remember I wondered if it were necessary to boil a razor to insure a clean shave. By the side of the hot-water mug was a big soap-dish, in which lay what seemed to me a gigantic lather brush. I am certain it was first cousin to a whitewash brush. I almost groaned when I saw how everything was to hand.

My eyes wandered round the walls of the shop. From sundry nails and hooks were suspended hoops, skipping-ropes, and various toys, articles of his trade, and locks and plaits of partially dressed ladies' hair; but what more particularly attracted my attention was a number of hideous masks, all of which were possessed of crooked noses. One in particular fixed my eye. There was a diabolical grin playing around its red lips and half-open mouth. I was sure it thoroughly enjoyed my growing discomfort, and I could not prevent my eyes returning to its grinning face each time they wandered round the shop.

"Excuse me, sir," presently said the barber. "Nothing personal meant—but are you new at the school, and to our little town?"

"I am new to both," replied I, attempting a smile.

"I thought so! Well, well! But no matter!" These ambiguous exclamations were unintelligible to me.

And then he grew quite playful, pretending to nip my nose and ears with his scissors, and immediately afterwards felt my chin in a suggestive manner, as delicately as he might have done a peach.

"Hem!" he commented. "One at least of the rising generation is like to have his wish gratified."

There was something so suggestive in the tone of his voice that it almost decided me to make a bolt for it there and then. But a moment's reflection told me I must at least allow him to finish the hair-cutting. Perhaps he guessed my thoughts, especially as I began to move uneasily whilst he was "polishing off." The door was behind me, and I gradually edged round until I had it in a line to bolt out; but he gently took hold of my shoulders and set me facing the window again. Then his left hand suddenly glided down over my forehead, and his thumb and forefinger caught me by the nose—only *politely*, though they tightened when I attempted to slip from the chair. My heart sank, and I felt that I was in his toils.

The big lather brush was within reach. He caught it up, and plunged it into the hot water. Then he rapidly worked up a lather. Before I had time to say (as I fully intended), "I am not feeling well; I will call again," the big lather brush came across my lips with a nasty flick. Unfortunately my mouth was open. I spluttered and spat, and attempted to wipe my mouth in the apron, but my hands were entangled in its folds.

"Beg pardon, sir!" cried the jolly barber. "Accidents will occasionally happen in the best-regulated barber's shop. You were about to speak. Regrettable clumsiness on my part."

"You"—(poof)—"let me"—(splutter). It was useless attempting to add "let me get out of this." The barber at once plunged into the "professional flip," and applied his brush so effectually that in half a minute my face, right up to my eyes, was hidden beneath a thick coat of lather.

How that awful mask on the wall did glare at me through its eyeless sockets, whilst its grin was simply appalling. The nauseous taste of the strong yellow soap caused my stomach to heave, and I really felt unwell.

I suppose my companions tired of waiting

for me, or else wished to see the progress of their joke, for just then they came up. The barber now left me and went to the window, the lower sash of which he threw up. He was at once greeted with a cheeky remark from Dicky Dubble. As the repartee went on, I began to understand how I had been made a scapegoat.

"Come, Sammy," presently said Dicky, "we can't wait.—Are you going to keep our chum all day?" to the barber.

"I'm forced to wait," was the reply. Then, after a tantalising pause, "You see, *his beard ain't grown yet!*"

"Ha! ha! Good for you," cried Dicky; and the others shouted their appreciation of the joke. "But you will have a long wait—he, he! Come on, you chaps," to the other boys; "we can't afford to wait for Sammy's beard to grow."

I could have cried; in fact, tears were in my eyes—but only from the lather, of course!

"I like to be obliging, sir," said the barber, suddenly turning away from the window; "and though you ain't got a beard such as some favours me with, there's enough ground for me to go over to earn my penny. So I had best be making a beginning."

He took the razor (such a big bright blade it had!) out of the copper mug, gave it a wild flourish in the air, and then passed it with lightning rapidity backward and forward over a big strop. I cannot account for the horror that suddenly fell upon me. Something seemed to tell me that the very least

he contemplated was to cut my throat from ear to ear! My life, then, depended on prompt action. I was a bit of an athlete. Never before nor since have I so distinguished myself. I sprang from the chair, and gave a terrific yell of pent-up fear. The barber started back as if *his* life were endangered, falling over a chair and going down with a tremendous crash. As for myself, one bound carried me clean through the open window! Then away down the street.

A number of boys immediately gave chase. "His droat be cut!" shouted one.

"Look at the blood!" cried another. (It was the pink cloth still around my neck.)

"He'll drop in his tracks in about a minute!" cried a third.

"Hurrah! Well stopped, old fellow!" was the last of the rabble's cries I remember hearing. It was also the most appropriate. In my wild flight I had shot round a corner. The next moment I had collided with an elderly gentleman, sending him doubled up into the middle of the road, whilst I landed in the muddy gutter.

The next thing I remember was being in the grasp of our head-master, who shook me violently. He was very red in the face, and spoke in stern accents.

"What fooling is this?" he demanded; my dress showing I was from the school, and he may have recognised my features. As I did not immediately reply, for I had not yet collected my scattered senses, he sharply repeated his interrogation.

"Shaving, sir!" I gasped. "That is——" But he would not listen to my explanation.

"Come with me!" he cried; and hauled me by the collar back to the barber's shop.

He at once demanded an explanation, which Mr. Frizzle was eager to give. For a long time past he had received much annoyance from the young *gentlemen* (the stress is his), and when the opportunity presented itself for reprisals he could not resist the temptation.

Then the Doctor bade me make myself presentable, which I lost no time in doing; but not until I had been supplied with hot water could I remove the thick coating of lather, which, as far as I could feel, had drawn up my skin as tight as the head of a drum!

"In future, Mr. Frizzle," said the head-master, as he left the barber's shop, "you will not make an exhibition of my young gentlemen, but report direct to me."

He made me accompany him back to the school. On the way he plied me with many questions. Perhaps I succeeded in letting him see how very "green" I was. He *shook hands* with me at the school gates.

"Aim, my boy," said he, "to be manly without apeing all men's frivolities; and remember that Nature has laws which no one dare disobey. All good things—even hirsute appendages—come to those who wait."

My chums were so pleased with the termination to their little joke that they there and then elected me a "full-fledged" member of the "Merry Monarchs."

The head-master's words, and the severe lesson I had learnt, lasted me for many a long year!

ANOTHER TIGER STORY.

BY THE REV. J. PYLE.

MORE than twenty-five years have passed since I heard the story which I am about to relate, but I remember the facts quite well, and, as I write it, my thoughts travel back to old Deccan days, and the memory of dear friends in whose society so many pleasant hours were spent. Ah! how few of those friends are left with whom I first went out to join the "Old Bombs" many years ago!

It was on a blazing hot morning that at a wayside station on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway I met a party of English officers from various regiments, who were travelling down to Bombay, and how delightful it was to renew old friendships and also to manufacture some new ones! About that time a dislocation of the traffic arrangements had taken place, and the railway communication was interrupted by reason of an accident which had occurred at one of the most dangerous parts of the line, resulting in considerable loss of life, in consequence of which travellers had either to submit to be carried in palkis from the top to the bottom of the mountain, or to make the journey upon the back of one of the sorry-looking beasts provided by the native contractors. In any case the intervening space had to be traversed amid clouds of dust, caused chiefly by the reckless racing of high-spirited young "subs," who sometimes crowded and jostled the palkis almost to the extent of overturning them; but all was taken in good part, and the fun was great.

At the foot of the mountain we rejoined the train, and many a familiar point was noticed where some sporting incident had taken place; and as most of those in the carriage were well acquainted with the surrounding country, there was a general inter-

change of stories. One tall, bronzed, and handsome man told of the wonderful sport he had with "piggy," which caused great applause, for many of those present were crack "pigstickers"; another related the success of his pony at the last camp scratch races; while a third voted the whole thing slow in comparison with his prospect of a run home on twenty months' leave.

Suddenly at a curve in the line, where it crossed a road, a *dak* bungalow came into view (buildings erected by the Government at intervals of ten miles, for the use of travellers).

Just at this moment a short, stout man in the prime of life, who had sat a silent listener to the general conversation, sprang to his feet and gazed earnestly at the building. For a moment he seemed strangely agitated, and then quietly resumed his seat in the corner of the carriage.

His manner had not escaped unnoticed, and the "Pigsticker" addressed him at once: "Come Colonel, let us have the story connected with that old travellers' bungalow, for I feel certain that you must have met with some adventure there."

The person addressed was an Artillery officer who had seen much service in India, and had passed through some stirring adventures, and was well known for his bravery. He smiled and said, "Yes, at that bungalow I met with an adventure which might have terminated in a horrible tragedy but for God's good providence."

While Colonel Joye was speaking a silence had fallen upon the rest, and all were anxious to hear a story from him.

"Well, Colonel," said Captain Druce, the pigsticking officer, "I wish you would give us the pleasure of hearing the story," which

speech was followed by a general request for the Colonel's story.

"Well," said the Colonel, "it is more than sixteen years ago, when I had just got my captaincy, that I applied for, and obtained, leave of absence to England for a year, and, as you may well imagine, I lost no time in making arrangements for my departure. I wrote and secured a passage in the next P. & O. steamer leaving Bombay, ran round to leave cards, and say good-bye to friends, got my luggage packed, and left by the first train next morning. Once on board the old *Carnatic* I felt that I was really homeward bound. I cannot stop to tell you of all the little adventures on the passage; suffice it to say that the time passed very pleasantly, as most of you know it does on board the P. & O. boats, and we reached Southampton in safety.

"I had not written to tell my friends of my visit, as I wished to give them a surprise, so that on my arrival at Southampton there was no one to meet me, and great was the astonishment of the whole family when I walked into the breakfast-room and took my seat as if I had never left home. It was a glorious English summer, and I enjoyed it to the full; everyone was delighted to see me, and the time passed all too quickly.

"I had not the least intention of getting married, and quite expected to return to the old station free and unfettered. How little do we know what is in store for us!—for one day at a croquet party I met Miss Emily Catherwood, then a beautiful girl of twenty, and before the afternoon was over I knew that my fate was sealed, and I knew that I should *not* return to India a bachelor; in less than a month she had promised to go back with me as my wife.